

The Evening Herald.

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GEORGE S. VALLIANT, Manager
H. B. HENING, Editor

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PLAN FAIR EXHIBITS NOW.

EVERY county in New Mexico will have an exhibit at the coming state fair in this city. This is indicated by the ready response to the invitation to participate in every county thus far visited by President Southard of the fair commission and his party of fair workers. Mr. Southard visited three counties last week. In at least two of these counties last year considerable argument was necessary before county officials could be induced to give official sanction to participation in the fair, and to make provision for exhibition expense. This year no argument was necessary and in two counties increased provision for exhibit work has been made.

In addition to the counties visited their fair president has assurances from almost every county in the state that participation is certain. Last year's fair so fully demonstrated the value of the institution to the state, when placed on a proper basis, that the counties, knowing a good thing when they see it, are eager to take part in the coming exhibition of state products and resources.

This is a most satisfactory outlook. There is one phase of the situation, however, which merits attention in every county in the state. This is the early planning and arrangement for exhibits. In the past it has been the custom to wait until the last possible minute to begin preparation of the state fair exhibit. Even last year some of the county displays were arranged for less than a week before the time to start for Albuquerque. The result was that those exhibits were not up to the standards set by the winning counties.

The counties which expect to make creditable exhibits at the coming fair—and all of them seem to be looking forward to creditable showings—should begin preparation right now. A majority of the county commissions hold meetings today and at a number of these meetings provision will be made for fair displays. In their own interests the counties should begin preparations at once. June is the month to seek out exhibits; to interest farmers in special crop production for exhibit purposes; to wake up interest in local contests for representation in the state exhibit.

The state fair commission cannot reach individual farmers with a personal message. But it is sending out today to the various counties urgent requests to lay exhibit plans now and to put exhibit commissioners to work. To get the best results from your state fair exhibit, and the biggest returns for the money you are going to invest in it, get your exhibit men to work right now, and keep them at work until the producers are thoroughly interested. After that, gathering the exhibit will take care of itself in the most gratifying manner.

LET US HOPE ITS ROOSEVELT.

FROM a purely partisan standpoint, Democrats throughout this great nation who desire party success in November should hope fervently for the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt by an "united" Republican party. As the time for nominating a Republican candidate draws very near, Republicans who have been more or less quiet in the hope that the Roosevelt "movement" as many of them term it, would pass, are speaking right out in meeting. They are making it perfectly plain that they are not only against Roosevelt as the Republican candidate but that they are against him as a possible president of the United States. The opposition in the Republican party to Roosevelt is very real. Among the rank and file of that opposition his nomination this week will make little difference, for the objection to the man is too deeply rooted. If Roosevelt is nominated, Republicans against him now will vote against him in November. The chances for Roosevelt are less and less, apparently his nomination is more remote this afternoon than since he began his notable preparation for personal purposes campaign. The Republicans against him in these last hours before the nominating convention have spoken forcefully and finally. This one finds the two leading Republican newspapers in Missouri's two principal cities tell-

ing where they stand. The Kansas City Journal says:

"War is indeed terrible. Under no other conceivable circumstances could it have become a presidential possibility."

While the St. Louis Times concludes a particularly bitter commentary upon the recent Roosevelt utterances in that city with the following:

"Theodore Roosevelt is a versatile American with a loose tongue. Had he been a woman in the days of the ducking stool, he would have been sentenced by the town council as a common scold. He is back at his old tricks of denunciation. He is using loose phrase and looser statement even more volubly than in the days of the tennis cabinet—the Ananias and the 'dear Maria' days."

"A worded, by performance, if not by words, Roosevelt is seeking the presidential nomination. His intense vanity and restlessness have combined into the thought that he is the man of the hour, and a few political renegades, like himself, have encouraged the idea. It is inconceivable, to honest thinkers, that he should expect to receive a moment's consideration at the hands of Republicans, and the fact that he does take this view shows that he is not square with himself, to say nothing of the great party that gave him political being."

"It is hardly probable that the Republican convention at Chicago, even under the pressure of stampede, money, forgetfulness or deadlock, will nominate this political intruder, but if that thing should happen there will be a sufficiently self-respecting minority to make another nomination, and thus insure a repetition of the November results of 1912."

OUR MOTOR CAR MENACE.

ALBUQUERQUE is a small city, and its traffic problems are not serious. Such difficulties as do exist are wholly in connection with the driving of motor vehicles, automobiles and motor trucks. In proportion to population this city has more than its share of automobiles, while the number of delivery trucks is increasing very rapidly. We have had a number of serious accidents. Death and serious injury are in the record, and unless some rigid requirements are enacted by the city and enforced by its officers, we will presently have more fatalities from careless or thoughtless or inexperienced drivers of motor cars. Why take chances? The remedy is very simple.

There are few pedestrians in this city who have not felt the ugly menace of the glaring, blinding, confusing automobile headlights. If there are dimmers in Albuquerque they are not used. They should be required at once. In Los Angeles Thursday night 500 automobile drivers were arrested for failure to comply with an ordinance goes into effect today making failure to properly dim automobile searchlights a serious offense, punishable by both fine and imprisonment. Relatively our traffic problem is as serious as in either city named. Certainly the people of Albuquerque have as much right to expect protection from the automobile menace as the people of any other city. There is no excuse for the blinding automobile headlights in a busy street and no reason for it. We need a dimmer regulation here and we need it now.

There are two other imperative needs with regard to motor regulation. We need a speed limit and its enforcement, and we need more strict requirements in issuing driving licenses. These are not problems serious of solution. They will become serious if left unsolved. There are a few fools in Albuquerque who have no more business at the wheel of a moving automobile than a five-year-old child; less in fact, for the baby would present far less of risk for the public. About twenty months ago in a moment of unwanted energy a city official proposed a sensible ordinance for the regulation of automobile traffic. It is about time for his successor to do something about it.

Where, Oh Where Are the Warrior Patriots?

(Des Moines, N. M., Swastika.)
After holding their heads off for the past two years on account of the conditions on the Mexican border, when called out for active service in border patrol the national guards of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona are found to be not up to the required quota and the state authorities are having trouble in getting enough men to fill up to the required number. We know of quite a number in Texas squads that said much about going to Mexico and taking the country, but so far no one has volunteered to go. The New Mexico quota is 200 men short. Won't some of the fellows that wanted to invade Mexico volunteer at once? The adjutant general is calling for 200 more men. Perhaps you don't want Mexico invaded had enough to do it yourself.

Duke City Cleaners, Hatters and Dyers, 220 West Gold avenue; phone 446. Given Green Trading Stamps on bills paid by the 5th of the month.

Common Sense Patriotism

(Deming Headlight.)

As our splendid institutions of learning are at present conducted there is no reasonable excuse why graduates of any high school in the state should seek to be educated outside of our own university and colleges.

The University of New Mexico, with a man of the David Ross Boyd type at the head, is good enough for any boy or girl in America. The equipment is now right up to the standard and the head of each department is very carefully selected among the leading educators of the country. And then there is the real joy of living in New Mexico.

And then there is our splendid Agricultural college, presided over by a master hand, Dr. George E. Ladd. No student in the state need look for an institution better adapted to our particular requirements.

The Normal university at Las Vegas, with the talented Dr. Roberts as president and a splendid faculty to support him, and the State Normal at Silver City, with Dr. Enloe at the helm, the man who "knows how," and his able staff.

Not forgetting the School of Mines, presided over by Dr. Jones, who knows all the minerals by their first names.

Take notice that Deming will have nine students at the University of New Mexico next year, and several in most of the other institutions mentioned. We practice what we preach.

Now Look Who's Got a Boomlet

(Raton Range.)

We observe with pleasure the growing boomlet of the Honorable William C. Sargent, present state auditor, for the Republican nomination for governor. He is the soundest sort of timber, and no one can safely undertake to discount his abilities or qualifications. We are convinced that all Republicans can get together on Sargent, as he is free from entanglements with the successful slant factor and the Press news alike. He is being referred to now as the possible dark horse, but is likely to appear in the center of the spotlight before the state convention is far advanced.

Still They Wonder At Its Decline

(New York World.)

Suppose Mr. Wilson were to say, "Stop fighting" to the belligerent nations. What would the reply be? They'd say, "Oh, hell!"—Rev. Charles A. Eaton, pastor of the Madison Avenue Baptist church.

Yet some people wonder at the decline of religious influence!

The Ideal Headquarters To Pay Your Dog Tax

(From St. John's, Ark., Herald.)

To whom it may concern: You are hereby notified that the taxes on your dog is now due and must be paid. Taxes can be obtained from me at the City Meat Market. B. L. GIBBONS, Constable.

Durango Fashion Note

(From the Durango Democrat.)

A short dress with white socks doesn't look nifty on a skinny leg.

Current Poetry

An Indefensible Love Lyric

Phyllis, I would fondly sing you
Lovely songs of Arcady—
Fostered to your graces, bring you
Gems of priceless melody.
Phyllis, I would madly praise you
In a wondrous, dreamlike chant,
To renew immortal love—
But, as you're aware, I can't.

Phyllis, I would call your tresses
Of incalculable worth,
Call your glance the light that
Blesses.

All the day long, my eyes the clearest,
Softest, sweetest of the lot,
Were I unacquainted, dearest,
With the fact that they are not.

Phyllis, I would call you fairer
Than the fairest ever seen—
Than the Trojan's Greek ensnarer
And the proud Egyptian queen.
I would sing, "The world uncovers
Humbly, as she passes by."
But, Phyllis, I can't tell a lie.

—Thomas E. Ybarra, in New York Times.

Bill and Aleck Reunited. Egosh-William McWilliams and wife attended church at Cone, Sunday. They went home to dinner with his brother Alex and wife, and spent the remainder of the day—Catalpa Ridge Items, in Lone Tree Reporter.

Couldn't Stand Everything
A man had just walked under a ladder.

A girl split the salt and threw none of it over her left shoulder.

A boy had just kicked a black cat across the road.

Providence pulled down its veil.

"My face won't stand any more flying into," it said.

The Shock
"I understand your husband was brought home on a stretcher last evening."

"Yes, but he's all right to-day again. He gave up his seat on the street-car to a lady yesterday, and the lady thanked him. He has a weak heart anyway."



You can tell pretty well the sort of people they are by looking at their picture frames.

Tank Beverly, who in addition to his work in the Bon Ton barber-shop devotes much time to the study of art, says Cupid is too old to fool with a bow and arrow, and should be permitted to carry a gun.

No wife should lead her drunken husband home. If she has any style about her she will call a taxi cab.

What has become of the old-fashioned mother who went carefully over the heads of her children with a fine-tooth comb?

When a man hates a man he hates him. But when a woman hates a man she hates him one day and admires him the next.

Eph Wile says he has noticed that the anti-saloon forces turn out some mighty good ball players.

Mrs. Tugg Watts dislikes the former Sultan so much that she habitually refers to him as "Old Ab."

Rhubarb pie probably owes its standing largely to the fact that it is in season at a time when there is no competition in that line.

The record for speed is held by women who have decided to go to the devil.

A man buys at the nearest place, a woman at the cheapest.

In extending sympathy do not overlook the stepfather.

A woman will endure privation, hardship and physical suffering without a murmur. But she will turn out in pain when compelled to give her property in to the auctioneer.

A man never voluntarily drops his membership in the Handshakes' union. He has to be expelled from the order.

Neither beauty, grace nor charm is absolutely essential. The dull pickle has many friends.

When the society reporter says, "the date of the marriage has not been definitely fixed," that means the prospective bridegroom isn't earning money enough to support a wife.

The Life Line

By LAURA KIRKMAN

The Tyrannical Husband

His wife reminds one of a frightened rabbit jumping hither and thither at the sound of shots. Anything—anything will she do rather than call forth his bellows of unreasoning anger. A thousand times would she sacrifice her own will, rather than see once the ominous scowl always so near the surface of his face. And he knows this. Indeed, he wishes this state of affairs to continue. He wants a weak wife! He wants to spend his life with the kind of person he wouldn't choose for a casual friend. He cares not that the community is whispering that he's got a wife that's not much of a woman! He likes to go around out at the elbows.

The Bore

Who hasn't tried to dodge him? He lies in wait for us at every turn. He buttonholes us on our way to business. He calls us up on the telephone at mealtime. He even invades our house. "He said to me," is the badge by which we know him. Though we break away from him a thousand times, he will continue in detail at our next merry meeting. So extremely blind and deaf is he, that there's no danger of his ever becoming dumb. Woe unto him in his hour of loneliness! He needs a rest.

Pepper Talks

By GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS

Ancestors

Are you one of those people who like to putter away valuable time figuring out just how you stand as to Ancestors? The fact is, your Ancestors are what YOU are. Some of the best and worst that have gone before you is now somewhere in you. The wisest thing you can do is to discover the most useful qualities of your Ancestors inside of being an ancestor, and begin to weave from where it left off—greater and bigger things.

Ancestry stock goes up every time you do your work better To-day than Yesterday.

A story is told of Ney, one of Napoleon's famous Marshals. As a hero during the Russian campaign, a brilliant woman had been telling Ney of her wonderful Ancestry, when suddenly she questioned: "By the way, Marshal Ney, who were YOUR Ancestors?" "Madam," answered Ney, "I myself, am an Ancestor!"

It is enough to put us all on our mettle and make us work to force the Red Blood into our Arteries.

In just the proportion that men and women render Service in this world do they forget their own self-interest and begin to plan out and deal in "the Future" of their Race. The man who will but get this truth imbedded into his system cannot fail to be a better Clerk, Lawyer, Business Man, Father—or Citizen.

And no woman can take this idea to heart without putting Lustre to the important duties of her life.

Ancestors? Why, we are ALL Ancestors!

Sellie Is No Bug, Or She'd Be Dead
After swallowing a large dose of bedbug exterminator last Saturday morning, Mrs. Nellie Walker, wife of Joseph F. Walker, residing five miles southwest of Lone Tree, discovered her mistake and sent for a doctor.

She was hurried to the University Hospital at Iowa City, where she is said to be recovering—Lone Tree, Ia., Reporter.

EXCHANGING OF PRISONERS WILL CONTINUE LONG

Whole Summer to Be Devoted to Return of Wounded and Disabled to Their Native Lands Through Sweden.

(Associated Press Correspondence.)

Stockholm, May 29.—The great task of exchanging wounded prisoners between Russia and Germany through Sweden will be continued throughout the summer. The exchange applies only to those prisoners totally unfit to serve again. One glimpse at a trainload of these miserable war derelicts leaves no doubt as to their disability. Missing legs, missing arms, sightless eyes, shattered jaws, twisted spines and here and there the ghastly stare which tells its own story of a burned-out brain—these are the evidences the Swedish people see of the war that surrounds them.

The transfer through Sweden is handled entirely by the Swedish Red Cross, or "Roda Korset," of which Prince Carl, brother of the king, is the actual and active head. The German prisoners are received from the Russians at Haparanda at the Swedish-Finnish border, only a few miles south of the sweep of the Arctic circle. In trains specially fitted for their use the maimed and twisted wrecks of men are taken south through the entire distance of Sweden, a journey of three nights and two days.

The pace of the train being timed for the utmost of comfort. At Trelleborg, the southernmost part of Sweden, the old-time soldiers of the fatherland are placed upon German hospital transports for the short sail across the southern reach of the Baltic to the German port of Sassnitz. From there they are taken to Hamburg and held in detention for one month as a quarantine against the importation of any infectious disease. This quarantine period ended, the men, most of them dependents for life, are returned to their relatives and homes.

In the case of the Russian prisoners the operation is just reversed. They are received from the German ships at Trelleborg and are taken to the north through the glowing sunshine and the mysterious nights of the Arctic latitudes, where soon the days will fade into the other with only a shadow of twilight in between. The work was begun this year with one train a week in each direction. This month the number will be increased to three in each direction. The trains consist of sixteen cars and have a capacity of about 225 soldiers. When the work is fully under way the rate of exchange will be about 3,000 prisoners a month. As the percentage of "totally unfit" among the men must be comparatively small, some idea may be gained as to the total number of prisoners held on both sides of the Russian-German battle line.

The first train started north from Trelleborg with the burden of 120 physical and mental derelicts, a ghastly assortment of parts of men. As they hobbled or were carried down the gang-plank of the hospital steamer at Trelleborg the procession seemed like a veritable outpouring from the depths of an inferno. It was plain to be seen that each man there had come to grips with death and had fought his way out of that grim clutch only at a terrible cost of wound and scar. Pale faces and sunken eyes told the story almost as quickly as empty sleeves and folded trousers. Down the narrow steamer plank they came, awkwardly trying to manipulate the unfamiliar crutches. A right leg was missing here, a left there, and in some cases perhaps only a foot was gone.

The debarkation from this strange ship of broken men had been under way for ten minutes perhaps when there suddenly appeared among the human fragments at the foot of the gangway a man who had been entirely lost sight of as he made his way to shore. Both of his legs were gone and his head scarcely showed above the gangway rails as he swung the remnants of his body along between two sturdy little crutches. It soon developed, however, that he was not alone in his misery, for there were several others like him. It seemed that the crutch process would never end, for the doctors said the number of "leg-cases" was unusually high in this first shipment of human wreckage home to Russia. One of the leg cases was a boy of fifteen. His left limb was gone well above the knee, but with the dexterity of youth he had learned to hop along with only one crutch and had thrown the other away as so much impediment.

But soon the "arm-cases" and the "hand-cases" were very much in evidence and at last came the wholly helpless. There was one soldier with right leg and both eyes forever gone, another with an arm gone and a shattered foot supported in a rope slung about his neck. Then came the men grazed by the shock of battle or suffering from acute melancholia. One of the latter never ceased to cry. There were but three Russian officers in the first exchange. Two of these were medical officers. One was paralyzed as a result of typhus, another was in the last stages of tuberculosis. Few of the Russians had ever seen the sea until they were taken aboard the transport and on the voyage across the Baltic most of them were violently ill—a happy ship's company indeed.

Through the courtesy of Prince Carl the correspondent of the Associated Press was extended the privilege of the Red Cross train. It was wonderful to see the difference one might on neutral soil and an understanding that they were really bound for Russia at last effected in the men. When the train stopped at a junction point for breakfast the poor cripples hobbled to the station platform, most of them apparently happy and wholly

content with life. Oddly enough the broadest smile wreathed the face of one of the men with the fewest legs. Breakfast was ready and piping hot. It was a bountiful repast of meats, fruits and vegetables, each man with a glass of milk and a cup of coffee. There was nothing of the haste of extreme hunger, however, in the manner the meat was approached. Everything was calm and orderly. The men without legs were helped on to the eating benches, the others largely managed for themselves. Only about thirty meals had to be served on board the train. One man at the table fainted away as the food was brought on and wilted into a heap on the dining room floor. Red Cross orderlies carried him back to his bed on the train.

The train stopped for two hours at the breakfast station, was quite thoroughly cleaned and resupplied. After breakfast there was a promenade of the wounded up and down the platform. A party of three Americans who had obtained permission to visit the station, distributed cigars and cigarettes among the men and soon all were smoking as they scrambled along. Each man also had a flower on his coat, pinned there by the pink-cheeked Swedish girls who had served the breakfast. The tables, too, had been decorated with blooms. The wounded men were well clothed in regulation prison uniforms furnished by the Germans. The overcoats were well made if a trifle light for the rigors of a northern winter. The German shoes appeared sturdy and strong.

All of the Russians said they had been well treated in Germany and that the German nurses in particular had been very kind to them.

But they probably will tell another story in Russia, said a Swedish doctor, "not that they mean to be malicious or misrepresent matters, but they are anxious for all the sympathy they can get."

Before it was time for the train to resume its journey a group of prisoners gathered at one end of the station and began to sing. Their leader was one of the blind men. He lifted his voice in the most plaintive sort of melody and the others joined in the chorus. They sang for twenty minutes, perhaps, when the conductor's whistle sent them shuffling aboard and they were still singing and waving

such hands as they had left as the train pulled out.

The great impression left from contact with the Russian prisoners was the absence of all realization of what the future meant for them. Ever since their disablement they had been kindly attended and provided for. Their wants had been anticipated and looked after. What of the time when they must shift for themselves? Such thoughts seemed not to enter their head.

The one idea which filled their poor souls was that they were going home. Some had not heard from home for more than a year, but that was all right now. They were going home—home to stay.

WILL BEGIN WORK ON NEW ROUNDHOUSE AT VEGAS SHORTLY

East Las Vegas, N. M., June 5.—Announcement was made here Saturday by P. M. Hines, chief engineer of the western lines of the Santa Fe, that work would start within two weeks, probably, on the erection of a new roundhouse at this point. The new structure will be located in the rear of the present roundhouse, on ground "made" by diverting the Gallinas river.

The roundhouse will have 44 stalls and will be so arranged that it can be enlarged later if necessary.

Phone 3, Red Barn, 311 West Cooper, for first class party. W. L. Trimble & Co.

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Use it for a while and see for yourself. Lighten the burden of your summer work and have one sent up.

Albuquerque Gas, Electric Light and Power Company